

44 THE
HARMONIE
of the Church.

Containing,

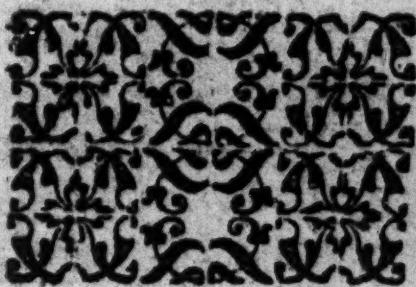
239 v. 29

The Spirituall Songes and

holy Hymnes, of godly men, Patriarkes and
Prophetes: all, sweetly sounding, to the praise
and glory of the highest.

Now(newlie) reduced into sundrie kinds of
English Meeter: meete to be read or sung,
for the solace and comfort of the godly.

By M. Drayton
whicel



LONDON.

Printed by Richard Ihones,

at the Rose and Crowne, neare Holborne
Bridge, 1591.

БИЛДИНГ
ЕНОМЯН
of the Chinese

бълъ споделен съвместно

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London
Printed by Chapman & Hall
at the Royal Exchange Library
1821

To the Godly and vertuous

Lady, the Lady Jane Deuoreux, of
Meruale.



Ood Madame, oft imagining with my selfe howe to manifest my well mea-
sing vnto your Ladishippe , and in
my loue towardes you, most ynwil-
ling to bee founde ingratefull , either
in the behalfe of my Countrie or the place of my
byrth : To the one, your godlie life beeing a presi-
dent of perfect vertue; to the other, your bountifull hos-
pitalitie an exceeding releeze.

Then (good Ladie) my selfe, as an admyrer of your
manie vertues, and a well-wisher vnto your hap-
pie and desired estate, doo here present the frutes of
my labours vnto your modest and discreet considera-
tion, hoping that you will measure them , not by my a-
bilitie, but by their authoritie: not as Poems of Poets,
but praiers of Prophets:and vouchsafe to be their grac-
ious Patronesse against any gracielesse Parasite: And en-
deuour your selte with this good Debora , Hester and
Judith,(whose songes of praise I here present to your
Ladiship, to the aduancing of Gods glorie, and the beau-
tifieng of his Church. Thus committing your Ladiship
and all your actions to the protection of the Almighty,
and my shoit translation to your curteous censure, I
humbly take my leaue. London, this 10. of Feb. 1590.

Your Ladiships to commaund, in all
antifull scruiices.

Michaell Drayton,

Theology and Aesthetics

On May 20th, 1863, I was at the
headquarters of the 1st Division, 1st Corps, Army of the Potomac,
at the house of General Meade, near the White House, Washington,
and was present when General Lee and his staff were received.
General Lee was dressed in a dark blue uniform, with a wide
white belt, and a large plumed hat. He was a tall man, with a
very pale face, and a very thin figure. He was wearing a
dark blue uniform, with a wide white belt, and a large plumed hat.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN CHINA AND TAIWAN

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To the curteous Reader.

.dear sith in somme do gettyn glod



Uncle Reader, my meaning is not with the varie-
tie of verse to seede any vaine humour, neither to
trouble thee with deuises of mine owne iuention,
as tariung an otherweening of mine owne wit : but
here I present thee with these Psalmes or Songes
of praise, so exatly translated as the profe wold permit, or sence
would any way suffer me: which(is thou shal be the same in hart
thou art in name, I mean a Christian) I doubt not, but thou wile
take as great delight in these, as in any Poetical fiction. I speake
not of Mars, the god of warres, nor of Venus, the goddesse of loue,
but of the Lord of Hostes, that made heauen and earth: Not of
Toyes in Mount Ida, but of triumphes in Mount Sion: Not of
Wantie, but of Veritie: not of Tales, but of Truethes.
Thus submitting my selfe unto thy clemencie, and my labours
unto thy indifferencie, I wish thee as my selfe.

.dear sith in somme do gettyn glod

Thine, as his owner.



.dear sith in somme do gettyn glod

ERINIA

The Spirituall Songs and holyn Hymnes, contained in this Booke.

- 1 The most notable Song of Moses, which he made a little before his death.
- 2 The Song of the Israelites, for their deliuerance out of Egypt.
- 3 The most excellent Song of Salomon. Containing eight Chapters.
- 4 The Song of Anna,
- 5 The Praier of Jeremiah.
- 6 The Song of Deborah and Barach.
- 7 A Song of the Faithfull, for the mercies of God,
- 8 Another Song of the Faithfull.
- 9 A Song of thankes to God.
- 10 An other Song of the Faithfull.

Other Songes and Praiers out of the booke of Apocrypha.

- 11 The Praier of Judith.
- 12 The Song of Judith.
- 13 A Praier in Ecclesiasticus of the Author.
- 14 The Praier of Salomon.
- 15 A Song of Ihesus the sonne of Sirach.
- 16 The Praier of Hester.
- 17 The Praier of Marchoheus.
- 18 A Praier in the person of the Faithfull.
- 19 A Praier of Tobias.

FINIS.

The most notable Song of

Moscs, containing Gods benefites to his people, which he taught the Children of Israell, a litle before his death: and commanded them to learne it, and teach it vnto their children, as a witnesse betweene God and them.

Deutronom. Chap. xxxii.



I will describe Ichouahs name might,
And to that God giue everlasting praise:
Perfect is he, a God of wondrous might,
With iudgement he directeth all his waies.

He onely true, and without sinne to trust,
Righteous is he, and he is onely iust.

With loathsome stane now are you all defile,
Not of his seed, but Bastards, basely boynet:
And from his mercie therefore quicke erlise,
Mischieuuous men, through follie all forlorne.

Is it not he which hath you deasly bought:
Proportion'd you, and made you full of nougat

Moses Song.

Contented well the times entages past,
And of thy forefathers and they shall then tell,
That when Iehouah did deuise at last,
Th' inheritance that to the Nations set:
And separating Adams heires, he gaue
the portion; his Israell should haue.

His people the portion of the Lord, from ad T

Jacob the lot of his inheritance:
In wildernes he hath thee not abhor'd,
But in wild Deserts did thee still advance.
He taught thee still and had a care of thee,
And kept thee as the apple of his eye.

Like as the Eagle tricketh up her nest,
Therein to lay her little birdes full soft,
And on her backe doth suffer them to rest,
And with her wings doth carie them aloft.

Even so the Lord with care hath nourisht thee,
And thou hast had no other God but he.

And great Iehouah giveth unto thee,
The ferreste boyle the earth did ever peele:
That thou all pleasure mightest beholde and see,
And tast the fruit of the most pleasant field:
Honey for thee out of the flint he brought,
And oile out of the craggie rocke he wrought.

With finnest butter still he hath thee fed,
With milke of Sheep he hath thee cherished:
With fat of Lambes, and Rammes in Bazan bred,
With flesh of Goates he hath thee nourished.
With finnest wheat he hath refreshit thee still,
And gaue thee wine therof to drinke thy fill.

But hee that should be thankfull then for this,
Once waring fat, began to spurge and kicke:
Thou art so cranche, and such thy groenesse is,

That

Deuteronomi. Chap. xxxii.

That now to lust thy prouender doth ywick: vñ iñ illit E ond
That he that made thee, thou remembrest not, vñ iñ illit ond
And he that sau'd thee thou hast cleasforget, vñ iñ illit ond

With Idols they offend his gracious ries, vñ iñ illit ond
And by their sinne prouoke him vnes yper: vñ iñ illit ond
To deuils they doo offer sacrifice,
Forsake their God, and other goddes desire.
Gods whose beginnings were but strange & new,
Whom yet their fathers never fear'd nor knew.

He which begat thee is cleane out of miny, vñ iñ illit ond
The God which form'd thee thou doost not regard: vñ iñ illit ond
The Lord to angre was therewith inclinde,
His sonnes and daughteres shold him so regard.
And there he broug' his chearefull face to hide, vñ iñ illit ond
To see their end, and what wold them beseve.

For faithlesse they and stowardate become,
And with no God moue me to celouise: vñ iñ illit ond
To angre they prouoke me all and some,
And still offend me with their vanite: vñ iñ illit ond
And with no people I will moun them then, vñ iñ illit ond
And angre them with vaine and foolish men.

For why: my wrath is kindled like the fire, vñ iñ illit ond
And shall descend to the infernall lake: vñ iñ illit ond
The earth shall be consumed in mine ire,
My flames shal make the mighty mountains quake, vñ iñ illit ond
With many plagues I wil them stil annoy, vñ iñ illit ond
And with mine arrowes I will them destroy.

With hunger, heat and with destruction, vñ iñ illit ond
I wil them burne, consume and ouerthow: vñ iñ illit ond
They shal be meat for beasts to feed vpon,
The ground invenom'd wherupon they goe.
In field, in chamber hit my sword shall slay vñ iñ illit ond
Man, maid & child, with him whole hean is gray, vñ iñ illit ond

Mosse Songe

And I will scatter them both far and neare,
And hence foorth make their memorie to cease,
Save that the furious enemie I feare,
And that his pride should thereby more increase.

And they should say, and foorth this rumor ring,
that they and not the Lord haue done this thing.

They are a nation void of counsell quite,
To understand, there doth not one intend:
But were they wile, in it they woulde delite,
And woulde consider of their latter end.

Can one or two put thousands to the flight,
Except the Lord do help them with his might?

For with our God their Gods may not compare,
Our foes themselves will still the same confesse:
Their Cities of Sodome and Gomorra are,
Their grapes of gaule, clusters of bitternesse.

Their wine is like to Dragons poison sure,
or gause of Aspes, that no man may endure.

And haue not I laid by in store this thing,
Amongst my treasures do I not it hide?
The recompence with vengeance wil I bring,
And all in time their foot awy shall slide.

For their destruction(woe)is come at hand,
And mischief here even at their heels doth stand.

For why: the Lord doth judge the earth alone,
And to his servants shew himselfe most kinde:
When he shall see their power is past and gone,
And none kept by in hold nor left behinde.

when men shal say, let vs your goddes behold,
Where be they now, whom ye so much extol?

Which oft did eat the fatted sacrifice,
And dranke the wine of the drinke offering:
Unto your helpe now let vs see them rase:

Log

Deuteronom. Chap. xxii.

Loe, I am God, and there is no such thing; I have alwaies
I kil, gne life, I wound, make whole again, in place wher
Dise of my handes no man can ought receiue,

I lift my hands on high to heauen above,
Immortall I, and onely live for ever;
My glittering sword I sharpe for my behooue,
In righteous iudgment still I doo perseuer.

I wil send vengeance on mine enemies,
And many plagues on them which me dispise.

Mine arrowes then of blood shal hane their kill,
My sword shal eate the verie flesh of men:
For such my Sainces as they doo slay and kill,
And so the Captives they impison then.
And when I once begin reuenge to take,
From plague & vengeance then I will not slake.

Pe nations all, honour his people then, to who bold a dauter
He will reuenge his seruantes guileless blood,
And surely plague the vile and wicked men,
Whiche stoutlie haue against him evill shood, and dun errour.
He will shew mercie stil unto his land,
And on his people, brought sorow by his hand.

**A Song of Moses and the Israelites, for
their deliuarance out of Egypt.**

The xv. Chap. of Exodus.

I will sing praise unto the Lord for ase,
Who hath triumphed gloriously alone,
The horse and ricer he hath ouerthowen,
And swallowed vp even in the ragging sea.
He is my strength, he is my song of praise,
He is the God of my saluation.

Moses Song. v. 1.

A Temple will I build to him alone, & stede him, &c. v. 1. & X.
I will exalt my fathers God almighty, & him will sing, &c. v. 12.

The Lord Ichouah is a man of warre,
Pharao, his chariots, and his mighty hoste
Were by his hand in the wilde waters lost,
His Captaines drowned in red Sea so farre.

Into the bottome there they sanke like stones,
The mighty depths our enemies devour,
Thy owne right hand is gloriouse in thy power,
Thy owne right hand hath bruised al their bones.

And in thy glorie thou subuerted hast
The rebels rising to resist thy power,
Thou senest thy wrath which shall them all devour,
Euen as the fire doth the stubble waste.

And with a blast out of thy nostrilles
The flowing flood stood still as any stone,
The waters were congealed all in one,
And firme and sure as any rocke or hill,
The furious boeso daily darreth still
And voweth to pursue with endlesse toile,
And not returne til he have got the spoile,
With fire and sword they wil destroy and kill.

Thou senest the wind which overwhelm'd them all,
The surging seas came sounding in againe,
As in the water, so with might and maine,
Like lead, unto the bottome downe they fall.

Oh mighty Lord, who may with thee compare?
Amongst the Gods I find none like to thee:
whose glorie's in holines, whose seares in praises be,
whose chiese delights in working wondrous are.
Thou

Exod. Chap. xv.

Thou stretchest out thy right and holy arme,
And presently the earth into thine honour:
And thou wilt bring vs by thy mighty power,
As thou hast promist without further harme.

And for thy people (Lord) thou shalt provide,
A place and seat of quietnesse and rest:
The nations all with feare shall be opprest,
And Palestina quake for all her pride.

The Dukes of Edom shal hang downe the head,
The Moabites shall tremble then for feare,
The Cananites in presence shall appeare,
Like unto men whose fainting heartes were dead,

And feare and dread shall fall on them alas,
Because thou helpest with thy mighty hand:
So stil as stowes amazed they shal stand,
Oh mighty Lord, while thine elect doo passe.

And thou shalt bring thy chosen and elect,
Unto the mount of thine inheritance:
A place prepared thy people to aduance,
A Sanctuary there thou shalt erect,

Which thou (oh Lord) establish'd hast therefore,
And there thy name shal raigne for evermore.

The most excellent Song whiche was Salomons,
wherein is declared the true and vnfained loue betweene
Christ and his Church, containing, viii. Chapters.

Chap. 1.

Let him imbrace his Deate, with many a friendly kisse,
For why thy loue than any wine to me more pleasant is:
In smel thou art most like sweet ovoz unto me,
thy name like precious ointmet is, so sweet as sweet may be

B3

Therefore

Salomons Song

Therefore the Virgins al, of thee enamored are,
Entice me on to follow thee, loe, we our selues prepare?
The King hath brought me in, to chamber richly dight,
He is my joy, his loue is sweet, the good in him delight.
Ye daughters of Ierusalem, although that browne I bee,
Than Arras rich or Cedars frufts, I seemlier am to see,
Disdaine me not although I be not passing faire,
For why: the glowing sunny raiers discoloured haue my laire:
My mothers darlings deare, with enuie swelling so,
Hauie me constrain'd to keep their Cline, thus I mine owne forgoe.
Tell me my sweet and deare, where thou thy flocke doost feed,
Or where thy little Lamblings rest, about midday indeed?
Els shall I walke about, all wandering like a stray, (way;
And seeke thee after other flockes, through many an unknowne
If that my patches(oh Paragon) be so unknownen to thee,
Go feed thy flock amongst the rents, wher none but shepherds be,
My true and loyal Loue, I may thee well compare
To famous Pharaos horses great, which in his chariots are,
Thy cheekes bedect with precious stome, most louely to behold,
About thy neck likewise do hang great massy chaines of gold.
Fine costlie borders for my Loue of gold me haue prepar'd
With siluer studs accordinglie of worke surpassing rare.
Whiles he at cable sat, perfumes then did I make
Of Spicknard sweet and delicate, al for my true Loues sake:
My loue more sweet than Myrre, between my breasts doth ly,
Or Camphere, that doth spring and grow in pine of Engadyn,
How faire art thou my Loue, my Doue, my Darling deare,
Thine eyes most like unto the Doves, in sighte to me appere,
Oh how exceeding faire, and seemly to be seene,
The bed wher we together lie, is hung with pleasant greene:
The beames our house upholst, they all of Cedar be,
The reaching Rafter's of the same, of Fyre, that stately tree.

The second Chapter.

I Am the fragrant flower, of hauie hermion tree,
And Lylie in the valey low, yssyong vp fresh and new:
As Lillie flower excels the thorne, or litle cyper of grasse,

Cant. Chap ii.

So far my Loue the Virgins all in beautie doth surpass.
By as the barren crooked stocke unto the straightest tree,
No more the sonnes unto my Loue may ought compared be:
To rest by his sweet side, to mee a heauenly blisse,
The fruit that springeth from my Loue, exceeding pleasant is,
To Celler he me bringes, of wine abundant store,
His loue displaied ouer me, how can I wish for more?
Fit forth your flagons then, whereof the sume may sile,
Bring forth your cates to comfort me, ah me, for loue I die.
His left hand clipping close, about my necke doth hold,
His right doth sweetly me embrase, and eke my corps enfold.
I charge you by the Roes and Hinds, ye Jewish daughters all,
Not once to stir nor wake my Loue, vntil she please to call.
But stay, me thinks this is, mine owne Loues voice I heare,
Loe, how he skipps from hill to hill, loe, yon he doth appeare.
My Loue is like a Roe, that frisketh in the wood,
Or like the strong and stately Hart, in prime and lusty blood.
He closely shrowdes himselfe behind our wall I see,
And through the gate he dooth disclose and shew himselfe to me.
And calling then, he saith, come to thine owne my Deare,
For lo, the clouds are past and gone, the skyes are cristal cleare:
The flowers in the field, so faire and freshly spring,
The birds do chant with merie glee, the Turtle now doth sing:
The fig-trees bear such stoe, that boughs with waight are bent,
The Vines with blossoms do abound, which yeeld a sweet accet.
Come to thine owne my deare, my Darling and my Doute,
Leue thou the place of thine abode, come to thine own true loue
Let me behold thy face, most pleasant to the sight,
And heare my best beloued's voice, that most doth me delight.
Destroy the subtil Fox, that doth the grapes devoure,
For loe, beholde, the time is come, the vines do bud and floure.
My Loue to me is true, and I likewise his owne,
Whiche in the Lilles takes repast, himselfe euuen all alone:
Until the day doth spring, or shadowes fade away,
Be as a Roe or like the Harts, which on the mountaines play.

Salomons Song

The third Chapter.

By night within my bed, I touned here and there,
But al in vain, I could not find my Loue & friendly Ferr.
Then straight waies by I rose, and searching euery street
throughout the city far & neir, but him I could not meete.
The watchme u found me tho, to whom I then can say,
Haue ye not seen nyme owne true Loue, of late come this a way:
Then passing them, I found my Loue I long had sought,
And to my mothers chamber then, my darling haue I brought.
I charge you by the Roes and Winds, this vow to me you make,
Ye Jewis daughter's, not to call my Loue till she doe wake.
Who's that which doth fro wildernes, in mighty smoke appeare,
Like the perfumes of odors sweet, which Merchants hold so deare.
About the bed of Salomon, beholde, there is a band
Of threescore gallant Israelites, which al in armour stand,
All expert men of war, with sword stil ready prest, cleauing:
Least foes in night time should appoch, when men suspect them.
King Salomon hath made of Liban tree so sure,
A Pallace braue, whose pillars strong are al of siluer pure:
The pavement beaten gold, the hangings purple graine,
The daughters of Jerusalem with joy to entertaine.
Ye Sion daughters, see, where Salomon is set
In Royall chroan, and on his head, the princely Coronet,
Wherewith his mother first, adornd him (as they say)
When he in mariage linked was, even on his weddung day.

The fourth Chapter.

Behold, thou art al faire my Loue, my hearts delight,
Thine eies so louely like the Doves, appear to me in sight,
Thy haire surpassing faire and seemely to the eie,
Like to a goodly heard of Goates, on Gilcad mountaine hys.
Thy teeth like new wash sheep, returning from the flood,
Wheras not one is barren found, but beareth twynnes so good.
Thy lips like scarlet thred, thy talke dooth breed delight,
Thy temples like pomgranet faire doth shew to me in sight.
Thy necke like Davids Tower, which for defence doth stand,
Wher-

Camp Chapter 2

Wher in the hilles and vales, he of him selfe cometh
Thy brests like ruynd Monys in pomeys of gold and silver,
Whiche fad among the lillies flower, therbyonge to diswage,
Until the day doe spring, and nighte be banisched hence.
I will ascend into the mount of Myrthe and Frankensence,
Thou art all faire my Loue, most seemlye che to see,
From head to foot, from top to toe, there is no spot in thee.
Come downe from Libanon, from Libanon aboue,
And from Amanahs mountaine hie, come to thine own true loue,
From Sheuers stately top, from Hermon hil so hie,
From Lions dens & fro the clifses, where lurking Leopards lie,
My Spouse and sister deare, thy loue hath wounded me,
Thy louelypee and seemly neck, hath made me yeeld to thee,
Thy loue far better is, than any wine to me,
Thy odors sweet doth far surpass, the smell wher splices be,
Thy lips like honyscombe, vnder thy tongue doth lie
The honysweet thy garments smel, like Libanon on hie,
My Spouse a garden is, fast under locke and key,
Dy like a Fountaine closely kept, where sealed is the way,
Like to a pleasant plot I may thee well compare,
Where Caphere, Spicknard, dainty fruits, with sweet Pomegranates
Cuen Spicknard, Saffron, Calamus, & Spynamon do grove,
With Incense, Myrthe and Aloes, with many splices moe,
Oh Fountaine passing pure, oh Well of life most deare,
Oh Spring of louete Libanon, of water chystal cleare,
Ye North and Southern winds vpon my garden blow,
That the sweet spice that is therein, on every side may stow,
Unto his garden place, my Loue for his repast
Shall walke, and of the frutes therem, shal take a pleasant tast.

The fift Chapter.

Vthin my garden plot, loe, I am present now,
I gathered hattie the Myrthe and splices, I did it wod
that in abundance grove:
With honey, milke & wine, I haue refreshe me here.
Eat, drinke my friends, be mery there, with harty friedly cheare.
Althoough in slumbering sleepe, it seemes to you I lay,

Safetines Song.

Yet how my beloved knock, me thinke I heare him say
Open to me the gate my Love, my heart's delight,
For long my locks are all bewept with brizling drops of night.
My garments are put off, when may I not doo so,
Shal I delie my feet I walke so white as any snow.
Then fast even by the doore to me he shew'd his hand,
My heart was then enamoured, when as I saw him stand.
Then straight waies up I rose, to ope she doore with speed,
My hanters and fingers dropped Myrbe, upon the bar indeed.
Then opened I the doore, unto my Love at last,
But all in vaine, for why before, my Love was gone and past.
There sought I for my loue, then could I cry and call,
But him I could not find, nor he, would answer me at all.
The watchmen found me then, as thus I walk'd astray,
They wounded me, and from my head, my baile they took away.
Ye daughters of Jerusalem, if ye my Love doo see,
Tell him that I am siche for loue yea, tel him this from me.
Thou pecrelesse Gen of price, I may thee to vs tell,
What is thy Loue, what may he be, that doth so far excell.
In my beloveds face, the Rose and Lilly triue,
Among ten thousand men not one, is found so faire aline.
His head like finest gold, with secret sweet perfume,
His curled locks hang all as black, as any Rauens plume.
His eies be like to Doves, on Rivers banks below,
Washed with milk, whose collours are, most gallant to the show.
His cheeks like to a plot, where spice and flowers growe,
his lips like to the Lilly white, fro whence pure Myrrh doth flow.
His hands like rings of gold, with costly Chisell'd,
His belly like the Ivory white, with seemly Safabyrs set.
His legs like Pillars strong, of Marble set in gold,
His countenance like Libanon, or Cedars to behold.
His mouth it is as sweet, yea, sweet as sweet may be,
This is my Loue ye Virgins loue, even such a one is he.
Thou fairest of vs al, whether is thy Louer gone,
Tel vs, and we will goe with thee, thou shalt not goe alone.

The

The sixt Chapter.

Donne to his garden place, mine own true Love is gone,
Among the Spice and Lillies sweet, H
to walke himselfe alone.

True am I to my Love, and he my lousing make,
Which in the Lillies makes abode, and doth his pleasure take;
With Tirzah or Ierusalem, thy beaucie may be waide,
In shew like to an Armie great, whose Ensignes are displayd.
Oh turne away thine eies, for they haue wounded me.
Thy haire s are like a heard of Goats, on Gilead mount that be
Thy teech like new wash't sheep, returning from the flood,
Whereas not one is barren found, but beareth twins a good,
The temples of thy head, within thy locks to shewe,
Are like to the Pomgranet fruit, that in the Orchards grove,
Of Concubines four score there are, of Queens twice treble ten,
Of Virgins for the multitude, not to be numbered then.
But yet my Doue alone, and undefiled here,
Her mothers only daughter is, to her exceeding deare.
The Virgins saim my Love, and they haue lik'd her well,
The Queens & eke the Concubines, they say she doth excell,
Who's she I doo behold, so like the morning cleare,
O like the Moon, when towards the ful, in pride she doth appear,
Bright as the radiant rates, that from the Sun descend,
O like an Army terrible, when Ensignes they extend.
Unto the nuts downe will I goe, and fruicfull valeyes lowe,
To see if that the Vine doo bud, and the Pomgranets grove,
My selfe I know not I, ne nothing knew I then,
Let me be like a chariot, eu'en of thy noble men,
Return againe, oh make returne, thou Shulamite so deare,
Let vs enjoy thy company, I pray thee sojorne here,
What see you in the Shulamite, in her what may you see,
But like a troupe of warlike men that in the armes be.

The

Salamans Song.

The seventh Chapter.

How stately are thy steps with biane and losty pace,
Thou dauntis pryncesse, warling deare,
With comely gallant grace.
The bones of thy fair thighs, the which so straight do stand
Are like to curions jewels wrought, by cunning workmās hand
Thy nauell like a goblet is, which stil with wine doth flowe,
Thy belly like an heape of wheat, about which Lillies growe.
Thy brestis I may compare like to two little Roes,
Whiche follow on their mothers steps, when forth to feed she goes.
Thy necke like to a Tower, of costly Iuony fram'd,
Thine eies like Heshbō waters clear, by that Bathrabbin nam'd
Thy nose like Libanon Tower, most seemly to the eie,
Whiche towards Damascus citie faile, that stately towne doth ly.
Thy head like Scarlet red, thy haire of purple hue,
The King in thee doth take delight, as in his Lady true.
How faire art thou my Loue, and seemly to the sight,
The pleasures that abound in thee, they are my chife delighet
Thy shoute like the Palme, the tall and straightest tree,
Thy brests, the which do ther aboune, most like to clusters be.
Upon the pleasant palme, I said I wil take holde,
And rest upon her pleasant boughes, I said I wil be holve.
Thy brests are like a bunch of grapes, on the most fruitful vine,
Thy nose in smel like to the fruit, of al most pure and fine.
The tōs of thy sweet mouth, like purer wine doth cast,
Whiche makes the very agen lase,forgetting sorrowes past.
I am unto my Loue, a faithfull friendly Fere,
And he is likewise unto me, most tender and most deare.
Goe we into the field, to sport vs in the plaine,
And in the pleasant villages (my Loue) let vs remaine.
Then early will we rise and see, if that the vine do flourish,
And if the earth accordingly do the Pomegranets nourish.
I seale the Sandpakes smell, within our gates that be:
The sweetest things both new & olde (my Loue) I kept for thee.

The

The eight Chapter.

O h that thou weart my brother borne,
 that suckt my mothers breast:
 Then sweetly would I kisse thy lippes,
 and by thee take my rest.
 Unto my mothers closet sure, mine own Loue will I bring,
 And be obedient vnto him in euery kind of thing.
 There wil I giue to thes(my Loue)the daintie spiced wine,
 And pleasant liquor that distils from the Pomgranet fine.
 With his left hand he shal support, and eke my head vppare,
 And with the right most lovingly he shal imbrace his deare.
 Ye daughters of Ierusalem, doo not my Loue disease,
 But suffer her to take her rest, so long as she shall please.
 Who's that which from the wildernes, yon commeth frō above,
 And in this sort familiarly dooth leane vpon her Loue:
 Under a pleasant apile tree, from whence like fruit doth spring,
 Thy mother first conceiued thee, euen forth which did thee bring
 Let it be like a priuie seale, within thy secret heart,
 Dō like a Signet on thy hand, thy secrets to impart:
 For iealousie is like the grāne, and loue more stong than death
 From whose hot b̄ands ther doth proceed a flaming fiery b̄each
 The clouds cannot alay his heat, nor water quench his flame,
 Neither the greatest treasure, can counteraile the same.
 Our little sister hath no b̄reasts, what shal we doo or say,
 When we shal give her to her Spouse, vpon her wedding day?
 If that she be a wall, on that foundation sure,
 A princely pallace wil we build, of siluer passing pure.
 And if she be a doore, she shall inclosed be
 With b̄raue and goodly squared boordes, of the fine Cedar tree.
 I am a myghtie wall, my b̄reasts like Towers hie,
 Then am I passing beautifull in my beloued's eie.
 King Salomon a vnyard had, in faire Baalhamon field,
 Each one in siluer yearely dooth, a thousand peeces yeeld,
 But yet my vineyard(Salomon)thy vine doth far excell,
 For fruit and goodnes of the same, thou knowst it very wel.
 A thousand siluer peeces are, euen yearely due to me,

Attinahis Song:

Two thousand likewise unto them, the which her keepers be.
Oh thou that in the garden dwelt'st, leavne me thy voice to know
That I may listen to the same, as thy companions doo.
Flie my beloued hence away, and be thou like the Roe,
Or as the Hart on mountaine tops, wheron sweet splices groane.

The Song of Anna, for the bringinge forth
of Samuel her sonne.

The second Chap. of the first booke of Samuel,

(mighty,
MY heart doth in the Lord reioice, that living Lord of
which doth his seruants horn exalt, in al his peoples sight,
I wil reioice in their despight,
which erst haue me abhord,
Because that my saluation dependeth on the Lord.
None is so holie as the Lord, besides thee none there are:
With our God there is no God, that may himselfe compare.
See that no mane presumptuously, ye neither boast nor batte,
Nor yet unseemly speake such things, so proud and arrogant.
For why: the counsell of the Lord, in depth cannot be soughe
Our enterprises and our actes, by him to passe are brought.
The boome is broke, the mighty ones subuerted are at length,
And they which weake and feeble were, increased are in strength
They that were ful & had greate store, with labourey their bread
And they which hungrie were & poore, with pleney now are fed.
So that the womb which barren was, hath many children born,
And she which store of children had, is left now all forlorne.
The Lord doth kill and make aline, his iudgments all are iust,
He throweth downe into the graue, and raiseth from the dust.
The Lord doth make both rich & poore, he al our thoughts doth
He bringeth lowe & eke againe, exalteth vp on hie. (true.
He raiseth vp the simple soule, whom men puseide with hate,
To sit amongst the mightie ones, in chaire of princely state.
For why: the pillars of the earth, he placed with his hand,
whose mighty strenght doth stil support, the waight of al the land.
He wil preserue his Saints likewise, the wicked men at length
He wil confound: 's no man seem, to glory in his strenght.

The

Jonah's Song.

The enemies of God the Lord, shal be destroyed all,
From heauen he shal thunder send, that on their heads shal fall.
The mighty Lord shall judge the world, & give his power alone
Unto the King, and shal exalt his owne anointed one.

The Song of Jonah in the Whales bellie.

In the second Chap. of Jonah.

A griesfe and anguish of my heart, my voice I did extend,
Unto the Lord, and he thereto, a willing eare did send:
Euen from the deep and darkest pit, & the infernall lake,
To me he hath bow'd down his eare, for his great mercies sake.
For thou into the middest, of surging seas so deepe
Hast cast me sooth: whose bottom is, so low & woondrous steep.
Whose mighty wallowing wanes, which from the floods do flow
haue with their power by swalloved me, & ouerwhelm'd me tho.
Then said I, loe, I am erilde, from presence of thy face,
Yet wil I once againe behold, thy house and dwelling place.
The waters haue encompass me, the floods inclosde me round,
The weeds haue soze encobred me, which in the seas abownd.
Unto the valeyes down I went, beneath the hils whisch stand.
The earth hath ther eauiron'd me, with force of al the land.
Yet hast thou stil preserued me, from al these dangers here,
And brought my life out of the pit, oh Lord my God so deare.
My soule consuming thus with care, I praied unto the Lord,
And he from out his holie place, heard me with one accord.
Who to vain lieng vanities doth whollie him betake,
Doch erre also, Gods mercie he, doth vterly forsake.
But I wil offer unto him the sacrifice of praise,
And pay my bowes, ascribing thanks unto the Lord alwaiest.

Jeremiah's prayer,

*The prayer of Jeremiah, bewailing the
captiuitie of the people.*

In the fift Chap. of his Lamentations.

Call unto mind oh mighty Lord, the wrongs we daily take
Consider and behold the same, for thy great mercies sake.
Our lands & our inheritance, meere strangers do possesse,
The alienes in our houses dwel, and we without redresse.
We now (alas) are fatherleſſe, & ſit in putrefacte with hate, (state.)
Our mourning mothers howe remaine in woefull widowes
We buy the water which we drinke, ſuch is our grievous want,
Likewile the wood euen for our vſe, that we our ſelves did plant.
Our neckes are ſubiect to the yoke, of persecutions thall,
We wearied out with cruell torture, and ſind no rest at all :
Afore time we in Egypt land, and in Assyria ſerued,
For food our hunger to ſustaine, leaſt that we ſhould haue ſterued
Our fathers which are dead & gone, haue ſinned wondrouſ ſore,
And we now ſcourg'd for their offence, ah, woe are we therefore.
Those ſervile ſlaves which bondmen be, of them infeare we ſtand
Yet no man doth deliver vs, from cruel Cartines hand.
Our livinggs we are forſet to get, in perils of our liues,
The drye and barren wildernesſe thereto by danger drieſes.
Our ſkins be ſcorchte as though they had, bin in an ouen drye,
With famine, and the penury, which he re we doo abide.
Our wifes and maides defloured are, by violence and force,
On Sion, and in Iuda land, sans pity or remoſee.
Our kings by cruel enimies, with cordes are hanged vp,
Our grauest, ſage and ancient men, haue tasted of that cup.
Our yoong men they haue put to ſword, not one at althey ſpare,
Our little boyes vpon the tree, sans pitie hanged are.
Our elders ſitting in the gates, can now no more be found,
Our youth leauē off to take delight, in musicks ſacred ſound.
The ioy and comfort of our heart, away is fled and gone,
Our ſolace is with ſorrow mixt, our mirth is turn'd to moane.
Our glory now is laid full low, and buried in the ground,
Our ſins ful ſore do burthen vs, whose greatness doth abound.

Ob

Lament, Chap v. 20. 21.

Oh holy blessed Sion hill, my heare is moe for thee,
Mine eies poure leorth a flood of teares, this dismal day to see.
Which art destruied and now lieth wast, from fairest bis & crame,
Thy holie place is now a den, of filchy Foxes made.
But thou the euerluming Lord, which doost remaine for ape,
Whose seat aboue the firmament, full sure and still doth stay.
Wherefore dost thou forsake thine owne: shal we forgotten bee?
Turne vs good Lord, and so we shall be turned unto thee.
Lord cal vs home from our erile, to place of our abode,
Thou long enough hast punisht vs, oh Lord, now spare thy son.

The Song of Deborah and Baracte.

The fift Chap. of Judges.

Praise ye the Lord, the which reuenge
on Israels wrongs doth take.
Likewise for chose which offered vp
themselues for Israels sake.
Hearre this, ye kings, ye princes al, giue eare with one accord,
I wyl giue thanks, yea sing the praise, of Israels living Lord.
When thou departedest Lord from Scir, and out of Edom field,
The earth gan quake, the heauens rasse, the cloudes their water
the mountauns hie before the Lord, haue melted every del, (yeelw
As Synay did in presence of, the Lord of Israell.
In time of Sangar, Anaths sonne, and in old Iaels daies,
the paths were al vnoccupied, men sought forth vñknown waies.
The townes & cities there lay wast, and to decay they fel,
Til Deborah, a matrone graue, became in Israell.
They chose the gods, then garboils did, within their gates abctid
A spear or shield in Israel, there was not to be found.
In those which gouern Israel, my heart doth take delight,
And in the valiant people there, oh, praise the Lord of might.
Speak ye that on white Asses ride, & that by Midden dwell,
And ye that daily trade the waies, see forth your minds you tell.
The clattering noise of archers shot, when as the arrowes flew,
Appeased was amongst the soot, which water daily drew.
The righteousesse of God the Lord, shal be declared there,

D

And

The Song of Deborah and Barak.

And likewise Israel's righteousness, which worship him in feare,
The people with revering hearts, then all with one consent:
In man the Lord's inheritance, unto the gates they went:
Deborah up, arise and sing, a sweet and worthy song,
Barak, lead them as Captives forth, which unto thee belong,
For they which at this day remaine, do rule like Lords alone,
The Lord over the mightie ones, gives me dominion.
The roots of Ephraim arose, against Armalecke to fight,
And so likewise did Benjamin, with all their power and might,
From Macher came a company, which chieftain sway did beare,
From Zebulon, which cumming clarks, & famous writers were,
The kings which came of Isacher were with Deborah also,
Pea Isacher and Barack both attend on her also.
He was dismounted in the vale, for the devissions sake,
Of Ruben the people there, great lamentation make.
Gilead by Iorden made abode, and Dan on ship boord lay,
And Asher in the Desart he, upon the shoure doth stay.
They of Zebulon and Nepthaly, like worthy valiant wightes,
Before their foes euen in the field, aduant'd themselves in fight,
The kings themselves in person fought: the kings of Canaan,
In Tanach plaine, wheras the streme, of swift Megido ran,
No pay, no hyer, ne coine at all, not one did seem to take,
They serued not for greedy gain, nor slych lucre sake, (brought
The heauens by and heauenly powers, these things to passe haue
The stars against prouid Sisera, euen in their course haue fought
The stream of kishons ancient brook, hath overwhelm'd the there
My soule, sith thou hast done thy part, be now of harty cheare.
The hardened hooves of barbed horse, were al in peeces broke,
By force of mightie men which met, with many a sturdy stroke,
The Angel hath pronounc'd a curse, which shal on Meroz fall,
And those that doo inhabite there, a curse light on them all.
Because they put not forzeh their hands to help the living Lord,
Against the prouid and mighty ones, which haue his cruch abhord
Iacil the Benit Hebers wife, most happy shal be blest,
Aboue al other women there, which in the tents do rest.
He asked water for to drinke, she gaue sweet milk to him,
Pea butter in a lordly dish, which was full tricke and trim,
her left hand to the naile she put, her right the hammer wrought.

Wherewich presumptuous Sisera unto his death he broughte.
And from his corps his head he cut, with mortall deadly woundes,
Then through the tembles of his head, she nailde him to the ground,
He bowed then unto the earth, and at her feet can fall,
And where he fell there still he lay, bereau'd of sences all.
The mother then of Sisera, in window where she lay,
Doth marueil much that this her sonne doth make so long a stay.
Her Ladies then, they hearing that, make answer by and by,
Pea, to her speaches past before, her selfe doth this replie:
Hath he not gotten mightie spoiles, and now diuision makes,
Each one a Damosell hath ox twaine, which he as captiue takes,
Sisera of costly coloured robes, ful rich, with needle wrought,
Hath got a pray, which unto him, as chieffeli spoiles are brought.
So let thine enemies (O Lord) sustaine and suffer blame,
And let thy chosen blessed ones, that loue and feare thy name,
Be like the Son, when in the morne, his glorie doth increase:
O like the land, which many a yeare, hath bin in rest and peace,

An other Song of the faithfull, for the
mercies of God.

In the xii. Chap. of the prophetic of Isaia.

O living Lord, I still will launde thy name,
for though thou wert offended once with me:
Thy heauy wrath is turn'd from me againe,
and graciously thou now doost comfort mee.

Behold, the Lord is my saluation, I trust in him, and feare not any power
He is my song, the strength I leane upon,
the Lord God is my louing Saviour.

Therefore with ioy out of the well of life,
draw forth sweet water, which it dooth affoord:
And in the day of trouble and of strife,
call on the name of God the living Lord.

A Song of the faithfull,

Crye his warkes and wonderis to the sunne,
Unto all people let his praze be showne:
Record in song the meruails he hath done,
and let his glorie through the world be blowne.

Crie out about and shout on Sion hill,
I give thee charge that this proclaimed be:
The great and mightie king of Israell,
now onely dwelleth in the midle of thee,

A Song of the faithfull.

In the third Chap. of the prophesie
of Habacucke.

Lord, at thy voice, my heart for feare hath trembled,
Unto the world (Lord) let thy warkes be shounen:
In these our daies now let thy power be knownen,
And yet in wrath let mercie be remembred,

From Teman loe, our God you may behold,
The holie one from Paran mount so hie:
His glorie hath cleane couered the Skie,
And in the earth his praises be turnde.

His shining was more clearet than the light,
And from his hands a fulnesse did proceed,
Whiche did contain his wrath and power indeed,
Consuming plagues and fire were in his sight.

He stood aloft and compassed the land,
And of the Nations doth desision make
The mountaines rent, the hilles for feare did quake,
His unknown paches no man may understand.

The Moorianes tenteis even for their wickednes,
I might behold the land of Midian;

Amaz'd

Habacuck. Chap. iii.

Amaz'd and trembling like unto a man,
Forsaken quite, and left in great distress:

What did the riuers move the Lord to ire?
Or did the floods his Maiestie displease:
Or was the Lord offended with the seas,
That thou camest forth in chariot hot as fire.

Thy force and power thou freely didst relate,
Unto the tribes thy oath doth surely stand,
And by thy strength thou didst divide the land,
And from the earth the riuers separeate.

The mountaines saw, and trembled for feare,
The sturdiy streame, with speed soorth passed by,
The mighty depthes shout out a hideous crie,
And then aloft their waues they did vpreare.

The Sun and Moon amid their course stood still,
Thy speares and arrowes forth with shining went,
Thou spoilest the land, being to anger bent,
And in displeasure thou didst slay and kill.

Thou wentest soorth for thine owne chosens sake,
For the saueguard of thine annointed one:
The house of wicked men is ouerthowne,
And their foundations now goe all to wacke.

Their townes thou strikest by thy mightie power,
With their own weapous, made for their defence:
Who like a whyl-wind came with the pretence,
The poore and simple man quide to deuoure.

Thou madest thy horse on seas to gallop fast,
Upon the waues thou ridest here and there:
My inrals trembled then for verie feare,
And at thy voice, my lips shooke at the last.

A Song of the faichfull.

Griefe pierc'd my bones, and feare did me annoy,
In time of trouble, where I might find rest:
For to reuenge, when once the Lord is prest,
With plagues he wil the people quite destroy.

The fig-tree now no more shall sprout nor flourish,
The pleasant vine no more with grapes abound:
No pleasure in the citie shall be found:
The field no more her fruit shal feed nor nourish.

The sheep shall now be taken from the fold,
In stall of Bullocks there shall be no choice,
Yet in the Lord my Saviour I reioice,
My hope in God yet wil I surely hold.

God is my strength, the Lord my only stay,
My feet for swiftnesse, it is he will make
Like to the Hinds, who none in course can take:
Upon high places he will make me way.

A Song of thankes to God, in that hee sheweth himselfe Judge of the world, in punishing the wicked, and main- taining the godlie.

In the xv. Chap. of the prophetic of Isaiah.

O h Lord my God, with praise I wil perseuer
Thy blessed name in song I wil record:
for the great wonders thou hast done O lord,
Thy trueth and counsels haue bene certain euer.

A mighty citie thou makest ruinat,
The strongest townes thou bringest to decay:
A place where strangers usually do stey,
And shall not be reduc'd to former state.

The

Habacuck. Chap. iii.

The proudest people therefore stoupe to thee,
The strongest citie's haue thee still in feare:
Thou strengthnest the poore man in dispaire:
And helpest the needie in necessarie.

Thou art a sure refuge against a shauer,
A shadow which doth from the heat defend:
The raging blasts the mighty forth doth send,
Is like a storne which shakes the statelyst tower.

Thou shalt abate the foraine strangers pride,
Like as the heat doth drie the moistest place,
The glorie of the proud thou shalt deface.
Like as the cloudes the sunny beames doo hide.

The Lord of hostes shal in this mount prouide,
And to his people here shal make a feast,
Offfected things and dainties of the best,
Of Marrow and wines finely purifid.

And in this Mountaine by his mightie hand,
That same dark cloud the Lord wil cleane destroy,
Euen with the baile which doth his folke annoy,
And death no more before his face shall stand.

The Lord will wipe out of his chosens eies,
The teares which doo their faces so distaine:
And their rebuke shal now no more remaine,
Thus saith the Lord,these be his promises.

And men shal say(then) loe this same is he,
This is our God, on whom we did attend,
This is the Lord that will vs stil defend,
We will be glad and ioyfull(Lord)in thee.

Thy hand(oh Lord)here in this mount shall rest,
And cursed Moab shall by thee be beaten,

A Song of the faithfull.

As in thy judgment thou of long doost threaten,
As in Mamea straw of men is threft.

And ouer them the Lord his hand shal holde,
As he that swimmeth stretcheth him at length,
And by his power and by his mighty strength,
The proud and stout by him shal be controlde.

Thy highest walles and towers of all thy trust,
He shall bring downe and lay them all full lowe,
Unto the ground his hand shall make them bow,
And lay thy pride and glorie in the dust.

An other Song of the faithfull, wherein is declared in what consisteth the saluation of the Church.

In the xvi. Chap. of the prophesie of Isaiah.

And in that day this same shal be our song,
In Iuda land this shall be sung and said,
We haue a citie which is wondrou s strong,
And for the walles, the Lord himself our aid.

Open the gates, yea set them open wide,
And let the godly and the righteous passe:
Yea let them enter, and therein abide,
Which keepe his lawes, and do his trueth imbrace:

And in thy judgment thou wilt sure preserue,
In perfect peace those which doo trust in thee:
Trust in the Lord, which dooth all trust deserue,
He is thy strenght, and none but onelie he.

He will bring downe the proud that looke so hie,
The statelyest buildings he wil soone abase:
And make them euен with the ground to lie,
And vnto dust he will their pride deface.

Ac

Isaiah, Chap. xvi.

It shall be troden to the verie ground,
The poore and needy downe the same shal tread:
The iust mans way in rightheousnes is found,
Into a path most plaine thou wylt him lead.

But we haue waitev long for thee, oh Lord
And in thy way of iudgment we do rest:
Our soules doth ioy thy name still to record,
And thy remembraunce doth content vs best,

My soule hath long'd for thee (oh Lord) by night,
And in the moyn my spirit for thee hath sought:
Thy iudgments to the earth giue such a light,
As al the world by them thy trueth is taught.

But shew thy mercie to the wicked man,
He wil not learne thy rightheousnes, to know,
His chiese delight is still to curse and ban,
And vnto thee, himselfe he will not bow.

They doo not once at all regard thy power,
Thy peoples zeale shall let them see their shame,
But with a fire thou shalt thy foes deuoure,
And cleane consume them with a burning flame.

With peace thou wylt preserue vs (Lord) alone,
For thou hast wrought great woonders for our sake
And other Gods beside thee haue we none:
Only in thee we all our comfort take.

The dead and such as sleep within the graue,
Shal giue no glorie, nor yeeld praise to thee:
Whiche here on earth no place nor being haue,
And thou hast rooted out of memorie.

Oh Lord thou doost this nation multiply,
Thou Lord hast blest this nation with increaser:

E

Thou

A Song of the faichfull.

Thou art most gloriouſ in thy maiesty,
Thou haſt inlarg'd the earth with perfect peace.

We criue to thee, and oſt our hands diſwring,
When we haue ſcen thee bent to puniſhment.
Like to a woman in chilbryth trauelling,
Euen ſo in paine we mourne and doo lament.

We haue conceiu'd and laboured with paine,
But only wind at laſt we forth haue brought:
Upon the earth no hope there doth remaine,
The wicked world likewiſe auails vs noughe.

The dead ſhal liue, and ſuch as ſleep in graue
With their own bodies once ſhal riſe againe:
Sing ye, that in the dust your dwelling haue,
The earth no more her bodies ſhall retaine.

Come, come my people to my chamber here,
And ſhut the doores by ſurely after thee:
Hide thou thy ſelfe, and doo not once appeare,
Noz let thine eies mine indignation ſee.

For from aboue the Lord is now diſpoſ'd
To ſcourge the ſinnes that in the world remaine:
His ſeruants blood in earth ſhal be diſcloſe,
And he ſhal now yeeld up her people ſlaine.

Finis.

Hereafter followe cer-

tain other Songs and Praiers of godly men
and women, out of the Bookeſ
of Apocripha.

The Praier of Iudith, for the Deluerance of the people.

In the ix. Chap. of the book of Judith.

O Lord, the God of Simeon,
my soueraigne Father deare :
To whom thou gauest strength and might,
the sword in hand to beare. (tame,
To take revenge on those which first, the maidens wombe did
And spoiled her virginitie, with great reproch and shame.
For which offence, thou gauest vp, their princes to be slaine.
So that their wondrs with gory blood, their beds did all distain.
Their seruants with their lords ech one, haue felte thy wrath alike
who sitting in their roial seat, thou sparest not to strike. \times behoue
Their wiues, their daughters, & their goods, thou gaest for thy
As prais, as captives, & as spoiles, to those who thou didst loue.
who modu'd with zeale, could not abide, their blood defil'd to see,
Then heare me Lord, a widow poore, which here do cal to thee.
Things past, & things not yet discern'd, thy prouidence hath wrought,
Things present & the things to come, by thee to passe are broughte.
Each thing is present at thy call, thy wisdome doth devise,
Thy secret iudgments long before, thy knowledge doth comprise.
The Assirians now in multitude, a mighty number are,
Whose horsemen on their barbed horse, themselues to war prepare.
Their hope in footmen doth consist, in sling, in speare and shield,
They know not thee to be the Lord, whose force doth win the field.
Let all their force, their strength & power, be by thy might abated,
Who vow thy Temple to defile, which thou hast consecrated.
Plea, to pollute thy Tabernacle, thy house and holy place,
And with their instruments of war, thine Altars to deface.
Behold their pride, and poure on them, thy wrath and heauy yre,
And strength my hand to execute, the thing I now desire.
Smite thou the servant and the Lord, as they together stand,
Abate their glory and their pride, euen by a womans hand.
For in the greatest multitude, thou takest not delight,
Nor in the strong and valiant men consisteth not thy might.

Judiths Song.

Butes the humble, lowly, meeke, the succourlesse and poore,
Thou art a help, defence, refuge, and louing saviour,
My father in thy name did trust, O Israels Lord most deare,
Of heauen, of earth, of sea and land, doo thou my praier heare.
Grant thou me wit, sleight, power, strenght, to wised the which ad-
The selues ouer thy Sion hil, & thine inheritance. (uance
Declare to nations far and neare, and let them know ful well,
Thou art the Lord, whose power & strength, defendeth Israell.

The Song of Judith, having slaine Holophernes.

In the xvi. Chap. of the book of Judith.

Tune vp the Timbrels then with laud unto the Lord,
Sound soorth his praise on Simbals loud,
with songs of one accord,
Declare & shew his praise, also his name rehearse,
In song of thankes exactly pend, of sweet and noble verse.
The Lord he ceaseth warres, euen he the verie same,
Tis he that doth appease all strife, Ichouah is his name.
The which hath pitcht his tent, our surest strenght and aide,
Amongst vs here, least that our foes shuld make vs once dismayd
From northen mountain tops, pround Assur came a downe,
With warlike men a multitude, of famous high renowme.
Whose footmen stopt the streams, where riuers woont to flowe,
And horsmen couered all the vales, that lay the hilles belowe.
His purpose was so to destroy my land, with sword and fire,
To put my yongmen to the sword, did chirst with hot desire.
My children to captiuicte, he would haue borne away,
My virgins so by rape and force, as spoiles and chiefest pray,
But yet the high and mighty Lord, his people doth defend,
. And by a silly womans hand, hath brought him to his end.
For why: their mightie men, with Armes were not subdude,
Nor with their blood our yoong mens hands, were not at al im-
No, none of Titans line, this pround Assirian flue, (brude.
Nor any Gyants aid we crav'd, this soldier to subdue.
But Judith she alone, Meraris daughter dcere, (his heere.
Whose heauenly hue hath bred his baine, and broughte him to
She

She left her mourning weed, and deckt her selfe with gold,
 In ryal robes of seemly shewe, all Israell to behold.
 With odors she perfum'd her selfe, after the queintest guise,
 Her haire with fillet finely bound, as Art could wel devise.
 Her slippers neat and trim, his eies and fancies fed,
 Her beautie hath bewitcht his mind, her sword cut off his head.
 The Persians were amaz'd, her modellie was such,
 The Medes at her bold enterprise, they marueiled as much.
 Amongst th' Assyrians then, great clamors can arise,
 When as the fact so lately done, appear'd before their eies.
 the sons which erst my daughters haue, even on their bodies born
 Haue slaine them as they fled in chace, as men so quite forlorn.
 Even at the presence of the Lord, the stoutest turn'd his backe,
 His power did so astonish them, that al things went to wracke.
 A song now let vs sing, of thankes unto the Lord,
 Psea, in a song of pleasant tune, let vs his praise record.
 Oh God, thou mightie Lord, who is there like to thee,
 In strength and power, to thee oh Lord, none may compared be.
 Thy creatures all obey, and serue thee in their trade,
 For thou no sooner spakst the word, but every thing was made.
 Thou sentest forth the spirit, which did thy wozke fulfill,
 And nothing can withstand thy voice, but listen to thy will.
 The mountains shal remoue, wher their foundation lay,
 Likewise the floods, the craggy rocks, like wax shal melt away.
 But they that feare the Lord, and in him put their trust,
 Those will he loue and stil impute, amongst the good and iust:
 But woe be those that seeke, his chosen flockes decay,
 The Lord God wil reuenge their wrongs, at the last judgement
 For he such quenchlesse fire, and gnawing wormes shal send,
 Into their flesh, as shal consume, them world without an end.

A Praier of the Author.

In the xxiii. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

Lord of my life, my guide and gouvernour,
 Father, of thee this one thing I require,

E 3. Thou

Salomonis Praier.

Thou wouldest not leue me to the wicked power,
Whiche secke my fall, and stille my death desire,

Oh, who is he that shall instruct my thought,
And so wiche wisdom shall inspire my heart:
In ignorance that nothing may be wrought
By me wiche them whose sinne shall not depart.

Least that mine errors grove and multiplie,
And to destruction through my sinnes I fall:
My foes reioice at my aduersarie,
Who in thy mercie haue no hope at all.

My Lord and God, from whom my life I tooke,
Unto the wicked leue me not a pray:
A haughty mind, a proud disdainfull looke,
From me thy Servant take thou cleane away.

Taine hope likewise, with vile concupisence,
Lord of thy mercie take thou cleane from me:
Retaine thou him in true obedience,
Who with desire batly serueth thee.

Let not desire to please the greedy malwe,
Or appetite of any fleshly lust:
Thy servant from his louing Lord withdraw,
But giue thou me a mind both good and iust.

The Praier of Salomon.

In the ix. Chap. of the book of Wisdome.

O Oh God of our forefathers all,
of mercie thou the Lord:
Whiche heauen and earth, and al thinges else,
createdst with thy word.

And by thy wisdome madest man, like to thy selfe alone,
And gauest hym ouer thy wokes, the chiese dominion.

That

W isdome. Chap. ix.

That he shoud rule upon the earth, with equity and right,
And that his judgments shoud be pure, and upright in thy sight.
Give me that wisdom, which about thy sacred thron doth stay,
And from amongst thine own elect (Lord) put me not away.
For I thy seruant am, and of thy handmaid borne,
A sillie soule, whose life alas, is short and all forlorne.
And do not vnderstand at all, what ought to be my guide,
I mean thy statutes and thy lawes, least that I slip aside.
For though a man in worldly things, for wisdome be esteem'd,
Yet if thy wisdom want in him, his, is but folly deem'd.
Thou chosest me to be a King, to sit on royall thron,
To judge the folk which thou of right, doest challenge for thy own.
Thou hast commanded me to build, a Temple on thy hill,
And Altar in the self same place, where thou thy selfe doost dwel.
Euen like unto thy Tabernacle, in each kind of respect,
A thing most holy, which at first, thy selfe thou didst erect.
Thy wisdome being stil with thee, which vnderstands thy trade,
When as thou framedst first the world, and her foundation laid.
Which knew the thing that most of all, was pleasant in thy sight
Thy wil and thy commandements, wherein thou takst delight.
Send her down from that heavenly seat, wheras she doth abide,
That she may shew to me thy will, and be my onely guide.
For she dooth know and vnderstand, yea, al things doth foresee,
And by her works and mighty power, I shall preserued bee.
Then shal my works accepted be, and liked in thy sight,
When I upon my fathers thron, shall judge thy folke aright.
Who knoweth the counsell of the Lord, his deep and secret skill,
Or who may search into his works, or know his holy will:
For why: the thoughts of mortal men, are nothing els but care,
Their forecasts and deuises all, things most vncertaine are.
The bodie is unto the soule, a waight and burthen great,
The earthly house depresseth down, the mind with cares repleat
The things which here on earth remain, we hardly can discern,
To find their secret vse and trade, with labo're great we learne.
For who doth search or seek to know, with traueil & with care,
The secrets of the mightie Lord, which hie in heauen are.
Who can thy counsels understand, except thou doo impart
Thy wisdome, and thy holy spirit doost send into his heart:

A Song of Ihesus, the Son of Sirach!

For so the waies of mortall men, reformed are and caught,
The things that most delighteth thee, which wisdom forth haue
brought,

A Song of Ihesus the sonne of Sirach.

In the last Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

I Will confesse thy name O Lord,
And give thee praise with one accord:
My God, my King, and Saviour,
Unto thy name be thankes and power.

I haue bene succoured by thee,
And thou hast still preserued me:
And from destruction kept me long,
And from report of slanderous tongue.

From lips stil excede with lies,
And from my cruell enemies,
Thou me in mercie doost deliuer,
Thy blessed name be praise for euer.

From monsters, that would me devoure,
From cruell tyrants, and their power:
In all affliction paine and grieve,
Thou succourrest me with some reliefe,

From the cruell burning flame.
Pooze I inclode within the same:
From the deepe infernall pit,
From venom'd tongues that poison spit.

From speeches that of malice spring,
From accusation to the king,
From all reproch and infamy,
From slander, and like villanie.

Ecclesiasticus, the last Chap.

My soule, to death praise thou the Lord,
And laud his name with one accord:
For death was readie thee to take,
And thou neare the infernall lake.

They compassed me round about,
But there was none to helpe me out:
I look'd when succour would appeare,
But there was none that would come neare.

Upon thy mercies then I thought,
And on the wonders thou haft wrought:
How from destruction thou doost saue,
Such as in thee affiance haue.

In prayer then I did persever,
That thou from death wouldest me deliuer:
Unto the Lord I crie and call,
That he would rid me out of chall:

Therefore I still will praise thy name,
And ever thanke thee for the same:
My prayers shall of thee be heard,
And never from thy eares debard.

Thou sauest me from destruction,
And other mischiefs more than one:
Therefore wil I praise thee O Lord,
And in my songs thy name record.

The Prayer of Hester, for the deliverance of her and her people.

In the xiii. Chap. of Hester,

O mighty Lord, thou art our God, to thee for aid I crie,
To help a woman desolate, with danger now is me:
When first my youth I oft haue had my predecessors tel,
That

Melchers Praier.

That from amongst the nations all thou chosest Israell,
And chosest those our fathers were from theirs that went before
To be thine owne and hast perform'd thy promise ever moze.
Now Lord we haue committed sin, most grieuous in thine eies,
Wherfore thou hast deluered vs vnto our enemies.
Because that to their heathen gods, with worship we haue gone,
Knowing that thou art God the Lord, the righteous Lord alone.
Yet not content, nor satisfied, with these our captives bands,
But with their Idols they chelues, haue ioin'd & shaken hands
Quite to abolish and subuert, what thou appointed hast,
And this thine owne inheritance euen vterly to waste. (praise,
To shut and stop the mouches of those, that yeeld thee thanks and
Thy glorious temples to desile, thine Altars vp to raze:
And to induce the heathen folke, to laud their Idols might,
To magnifie a fleshly King, a man, a mortall wight.
Then let not such the Scepter sway, whose glorie is of noughe,
Least they deride vs when that we, so miserie are brought.
And those deuises they haue wrought, c'intangle vs withall,
May turne vnto their owne decay, and on their heads may fall.
Remember Lord, and shew thy selfe, to vs in time of need,
And strengthen me thou King of kings, & Lord of power indeed.
Instruct my tongue with eloquence, my speaches to impart.
Before the Lions face, and by, thy wilosome turne his heart,
To hate our deadly enemie, so wholly bent to ill,
Destroy him, and al such as doo consent vnto his will.
But let thy hand deliuere vs, and help and succour me,
Sith I am now left comfortlesse, and haue no help but thee.
Thou know'st right well all things O Lord, & this thou knowest
I hate the glory and the pompe, of wicked sinful men, (then
And bitterly detest the bed, of any heathen wight,
Uncircumcised, most unpure, and odious in thy sight:
Thou knowest my necessarie, and that with hate I beare
This token of preheminence, whiche on my head I weare.
And as a filthy menstruous cloath, I take thereof such shame,
As being by my selfe alone, I never weare the same.
And that at Hamans table yet, cl'y handmaid hath not fed,
Nor tooke delight in princes feast, nor dranke wine offered,
And never sol'd in any thing, since first Aherber came,

Mardochetus Praier.

Untill this day butt in the Lord thou God of Abraham,
Oh thou the high and mighty God, heare thou the voice & crie
Of them, whose hope, whose trust and stay, only on thee doth lie.
And now in need deliuer vs, out of their cruell hand,
And from the dread and feare O Lord, wherin we dayly stand.

The Praier of Mardochetus.

In the xiii. Chap. of Hester,

O h Lord, my Lord, that art the King of might,
Within whose power all thinges their being haue:
Who may withstand that liueth in thy sight,
If thou thy chosen Israell wile saue.
For thou hast made the earth and heauen aboue,
And al thinges els that in the same do mooue.

Thou madest all thinges, and they are all thine own,
And there is none that may resist thy will:
Thou know'st all thinges, and this of thee is knowne,
I did not erst for malice nor for ill,
Presumption nor vaine glorie els at all,
Come nor bow downe unto proud Hamans call.

I could haue bin content for Israels sake,
To kisse the soles euuen of his verie feet:
But that I would not mans vaine hono^re take.
Before Gods glorie, being so unmeet.
And would not worship none(O Lord)but thee:
And not of pride, as thou thy selfe doost see.

Therefore(oh Lord)my God, and heauenly king
Haue mercie on the people thou hast bought:
For they imagine and devise the thing,
How to destroy and bring vs vnto noughe.
Thine heritance, which thou so long hast fed,
And out so far from Egypt land hast led.

A Song of the faithfull.

Oh heare my prayer, and mercie doe extend,
Upon thy portion of inheritance,
For sorrome nowe some joy and solace send,
That we may haue thy glorie to aduance.
And suffer not their mouthes shut vp oh Lord,
Which stil thy name with praises doo record.

A Prayer in the person of the faithfull.

The xxxvi. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

Hawe mercie on vs blessed Lord,
Which madest all thinges with thy word:
Behold vs Saviour from above,
Illuminate vs with thy loue:

And let the wicked dread thy name,
Which never sought unto the same:
And knowe that thou art God alone,
And like (in woonders) to be none.

Oh Lord lift vp thy mightie hand,
The world thy power shall understand:
As by vs thou art sanctified,
By them so be thou magnified.

That they may learne thy power to knowe,
As we that be thy seruantes doo:
Thou art the living Lord alone,
And other Goddes besides thee none.

Renew the signes (Lord) thou hast showne,
And let thy woondrous woorkes be knowne:
Declare the strength of thy right hand,
Let them thy power understand.

Arise to iudgement in thine yre,
Pourre out thy wrath as hot as fire:

Destroy

Ecclesiasticus. Chap. xxxvi.

Destroy the cruell aduersarie,
To spoile our foes (Lord) doo not tarie.

Shorten thou these wicked daies,
Thinke on thine oath at all assaies:
Let thy woonders (Lord) appeare.
And be thou praised farre and neare.

In burning fire (Lord) let them die,
Which doe escape , and seek to flie:
And let them perish with annoy,
Which seeke thy people to destroy.

Cleave thou the heads of mighty kings,
Our enemies in godly things:
And let the world behold and see,
That we are chosen vnto thee.

Lord, gather Iacob vnto thee,
That they thy might & power may see:
that they thy wondrous works may shew
And to be thine themselues may know.

Unto thy folke impute no blame,
Which euer cald vpon thy name:
To Israel Lord be thou milde,
Thy only heir thy first borne child.

Unto Ierusalem shew pite,
Thy sanctuarie and thy citie:
Blesse Sion where thy prophets live,
Thy glorie to thy people give.

And be thou witnesse vnto those,
Which haue bene thine still to dispose:
And raise them vp oh Lord, on hie,
Which in thy name doo prophesie.

Tobias Praier.

Reward them (Lord) that waite for thee,
That they thy prophete's truthe may see:
Heare thou thy seruantes praier oh Lord,
As thou to Aaron gauest thy word.

Guide vs in way of righteousnesse,
The earth thy glorie shall expesse:
And to the world it shall be knowne:
Thou art eternall and alone. x

A Praier of Tobias, exhorting all men
to praise the Lord.

Tobias, Chap. xiii.

Bless'd be that king which euermore shal raign,
So euer may his kingdome blessed be:
Which punisheth and pitieith againe,
Which sendes to hell, and likewise setteth free:
Before whose presence may no creature stand,
Nor any thing awid his heauie hand.

We children of his chosen Israell,
Before the Gentiles stil confesse his name:
With whom he hath appointed you to dwell,
Euen there (I say) extol and laude his fame:
He is a Lord and God most gracious,
And still hath bene a fater unto vs.

We wil scourge vs for our iniquitie,
Yet mercie will he take on vs againe,
And from those nations gathered shall we be,
With whom as strangers now we do remaine.
If in your harts he shal repentance find,
And turne to him with zeale and willing mind. y

When as your dealings shall be found upright,
Then wil he turn his face from you no more:
Nor thenceforth hide his presence from your sight,

But

Tobias: Chap.xiii.

But lend his mercie, then laid vp in store,
Therefore confesse his name, & praises sing,
To that most great and highest heauenly King.

I will confesse him in captiuicie,
And to a wicked people shewe his might,
Oh turne to him, vile sinners that you be,
And doo the thing is vpright in his sight.
Who's there can tell if he will mercie shewe,
O take compassion on you, yea or noe:

I will extoll and laude thy name alwaies,
My soule, the praise of heauens King expresse:
All tongues on earth shall spread abroad his praise,
All nations shew foorth his righteousnesse.
Ierusalem thou shalt be scourged then,
But he wil spare the sonnes of righteous men.

Faile not to giue the Lord his praises due,
And still extoll that everlasting King:
And help to build his Tabernacle newe,
In which his Saints shall euer sit and sing.
In which the captiues shall haue end of griefe,
In which the poore shall euer find relieve.

Many shall come from countries far and neare,
And shall great gifte vnto his presence bring,
Many before his presence shall appeare,
And shal reioice in this great heauenly King,
Cursed be those which hate thy blessed name,
But blesse'd be those which loue & like the same.

Triumph with ioy, ye that be good and iust,
Though scattered now, yet shall you gathered be:
Then in the Lord fix all your hope and trust,
And rest in peace till you these blessings see.
blesse'd be those which haue bin touch'd with griefe
when they haue seen thee scourg'd, & want relieve.

Tobias Traier.

Those only shall rejoice with thee againe,
And those shall be partakers of thy glorie:
And shall in blisse for ay with thee remaine,
Now passed once these troubles transitorie.

Then(oh my soule) see thou rejoice and sing,
And laud the great and highest heuenly King

And he will build Ierusalem full faire,
With Emeralds and Sapphrys of great price,
With precious stones he will her walles reparie,
Her towres of golde with worke of rare deuice.

And all her streetes with Verall will he pave,
With Carbuncles and Ophirs passing braue.

And all her people there shall sit and say,
Praised be God with Aleluia.

FINIS.



